

A

# REVIEW

## OF THE

# STATE

## OF THE

# BRITISH NATION.

---

Tuesday, September 27 1709.

---

**A**ND now, according to the laudable Practice of these Times, we are mighty busie lessening our own Joy, and crying down our Advantages; *to the particular Satisfaction of our Enemies;* but to what Intent and Purpose among our selves, deserves a little Observation—— We have had a Battle with the French *I must not call it a Victory, they say——* Tho I know but one Reason why we should not call it a Victory, *viz. That some French-Men are left alive.* The Gentlemen that I am speaking of, never will admit us to have a Victory till all the Enemies are slain—— And particularly it seems these French-Men are such Fellows, that if any of them escape from a Battle, we must not say they are eaten——

In the late Battle we beat their advanc'd Troops out of all the Advantages of Ground; we drove them out of a threefold Intrenchment; we push'd them through their barricadoes, Woods; we fought them up-hill and down-hill, from Ditch to Bank till they came to their main Army: When this was done we attack'd their Line, drawn up with all possible advantage; fought them fairly three Hours; Drove them out of the Field, encamp'd all Night on the Spot; pursued their Infantry seven Miles, and the next Day, took the Village of Bayey with 1500 of their wounded Men, Prisoners—— If this be not a Victory, let the Objectors tell us what a Victory is, or what the meaning of the word Victory is; how it was always under-

understood in the Usage of Nations, and how it is generally understood at this time—when an Army may be said to gain the Victory, what it is constitutes the thing, or gives a General a Claim to the Glory of it, and then we may be set right in the Matter.

But, say the Malecontents of the Day, we have paid for it, *this Gold is bought too dear*, and we may talk to you, as was said of a famous Victory of old, *Two or three more such would ruin us*. When the French beat us at *LANDEN* (and we own they had the Victory there) we comforted our selves with this very Notion, that several of their best Regiments were cut off, that their Troops were ruin'd, that a few such Actions would destroy them; and that tho' we lost the Glory of the Victory, yet, *that* we had the Essence of Victory, for we had killed the Enemy many more Men than we lost: Now on this account, *they say*, the French triumph now! — And therefore they reckon they have the Victory, in the Essence, tho' we have it in the Show of it; and on this Foot, they say, we have no Cause for our Joy.

But even in this Article it is easie to clear up the Point—The Loss of Men is not the case, the Ceremony of Rejoycing is not the case, the Clamour and Noise of Triumph has indeed its Uses, and in these Days, in which every thing is made up of Shows—The Surface of Victory is essential to us; but let this go to which Side it will, we have another more perfect and compleat Part of Victory to value ourselves upon, *viz.* That the loss of Spirit, the loss of Men of Value, and the loss of Trophies, are less essential to us than to the French—But the loss of the Treasure of War is on their side; Their old Veteran Troops are shaken and destroy'd by these Shocks, and this is a Loss that cannot be repair'd; They grow every day less able to carry on the War than we; their Troops grow more and more incapable to deal with us than before, the oftner we fight with them; And on the other hand, we grow every day more powerful than we were before; our Troops are restored by regular Additions of Men form'd and disciplin'd before, emulating the Glory of these that went before,

and every way qualified for all that is Great *as they were*—The French are yet more and more exhausted by every Action, and when their Troops are broken by hard Service and terrible Engagements, as we find they can restore them by nothing but the miserable Remains of Famine and Distress, Men made desperate by their Disasters, and driven by the Necessity of their unhappy Circumstances to seek Death as a Relief to their worse Fortunes—Or if these are not the Men that form their Troops, they are made up of captivated Slaves, driven like Dogs with a Whip, or like subjected Drudges in Chains, to the Army; here they do no more service than needs must, and run away upon every Opportunity.

In short, by every such Action the French lose the Blood not of their Men only, but of their Soldiery; What we lose (*tho' we value it too*) we yet recruit with more advantage, and every Year we find our Troops, *if possible*, better than before—For this Reason, tho' we have bought this Victory dearer than usual, yet it is no less a Victory to us than before, and our Joy is not so sensibly abated by the Loss, as some People would have us imagine.

But what shall we say to the double Joy with which this Victory is celebrated; The French make Salvoes and Bonfires, and give Thanks for Victory, and we rejoyce and triumph over and insult them on the same Account—and so GOD is perpetually mock'd on one Side or the other: But pray, Gentlemen, let me note one thing, in which they that study to lessen this Victory in the publick Esteem, serve the Enemy, and injure their own Cause, and in this you deserve reproof, *let the other side of the Story tell how it will*—It is certainly a piece of useful necessary Policy in the French, to amuse their own People with the Notion of a Victory or an Advantage over the Confederacy; nay, if they can but hold it up to the needful height of a Drawn-Battle, it will answer their End, and that a great many ways.

What greater Service can be done to that Design, than to have our scandalous Scriblers say, *A Victory, AS MARLBRO' CALLS IT; Or, the late great Success, AS IT*



IT IS CALLED, as that unsufferable-Trader of the Government useth it? *Vide Dyer's News-Letters*: Is this of use to the Enemy, or is it not? Is this the very thing they want, or is it not?— Can there be better News to the *French*, than to tell their People— That even the *English* laugh at the Pretences of a Victory, and baulk it in their Commanders, and that this is done in the Face of the Government, that the News-Writers make a Jest of the Success— and they dare not punish them for it?— For my part it is my profess'd Opinion, That when Authority will be trampled upon, it should be trampled upon— And every Magistrate that will be made a Jest of, ought to be so— And indeed is so in the Nature of the thing: If Villains unpunish'd shall insult their Masters, those People are no more Masters— I do not speak this with relation to the contemptible Author of the above-noted News— But in general, as the Party practise with Impunity such things as no Government in the World, no Magistracy, no Authority ought to bear.

If you will jest yourselves out of the Notion of a Victory, how can you expect but your Neighbour-People the *French* should be jest'd into it; if you that have thus driven your Enemy out of the Field can be made chagrin and phlegmatick, and made believe you have no Victory when you have it— No doubt but the Enemy's poor abused Subjects may be made to believe they have a Victory when they have not, if you cry out—as is the Language of a Party now— *A Victory, as they call it! a bloody Victory! a dear bought Victory! a Victory to our Loss!*— and GOD grant we may have no more such Victories! and the like— What think you the *French* will say to one another? They'll boast of the Numbers they have kill'd, the brave Defence of their Infantry; that their Horse could not come to act, or else few of the Confederate Army had escap'd; that they have ruin'd the Foot of the Confederate Army, that the *French* Infantry did Wonders, and that they have let the Enemy see the Spirit of the *French* Nation is not sunk, but that they can meet them in the Field.

Now tho' these things seem remote to us, yet will you please to examine whether they are of use to the Enemy or not, and if they are, then by encouraging their Mock-Notions you do them service, whether you do your own Country and People an Injury or not.

By these Amusements the *French* serve their Interest a great many ways; They prompt their People to Lift and Enter themselves into their Armies; they encourage the Commonalty to pay Taxes, and bear up under the Burthen of the War; they sink the Spirits of those who had their Liberty in view, and were ready, upon occasion, to Revolt and Depose the Tyrant that oppresses them; and upon whose readiness to do so we have often promised to our selves great things— Those Reports magnified by *French* Artifices, and doubled in carrying, will have their Uses in *Spain*, to encourage the People there to adhere to King *Philip*, which we find them forwarder to do already, than we promised our selves would be— and a thousand other Advantages are the Effect of the *French* Crying-out of a Victory— And shall they bring their Vouchers for it from *England*? Shall we that fought so bravely to win Victory from them in the Field— give it to them *gratis* in our Coffee-house Chat, our News Writings and Intelligence?

For shame, Gentlemen, don't do so much wrong to the honest Gentlemen that fought so heartily, and bled so much for it— 'Tis discouraging, that when they have waded up to the Teeth in Blood, and trampled their Enemy under their Feet, beaten them out of the Field, and pursued them to the very Cannon of their Town, you won't own their Labour, but will rob them of it when they have done, and give it to the Enemy that run away from them— Old *Harry* would not fight for a Nation that would use him at that rate.

But above all, what shall we say to our beloved Friends the Stock-Jobbers, since they say *Exchange-Alley* received a most sensible Blow by the Battle, and Stock sinks upon the Victory— I know there are Gentlemen among them wou'd be glad

to



link not our Stocks alone, but our Victories too, if they could; and therefore 'tis no wonder to hear of that *Enigma*,

*That Stocks should fall when Sales surmount  
the Cost,  
And rise again when Ships are lost.*

But of this hereafter.

# ADVERTISEMENT S.

**A**NTIVENEREAL PILLS, &c. Which perfectly carry off the Infection of a Clap, or Running of the Reins, and compleat the Cure in a few Days Time, without any Hindrance of Business. They free the Body of the Remains of any ill-cur'd Pox or Clap, and of Mercury (unskillfully given.) They are safe and pleasant in their Operation, and may be depended on for an effectual, private, and speedy Cure, even in the most stubborn and inveterate (curable) Pox, when attended with violent Aches, Pains, Night-pains, Ulcers, &c. as their Author can truly affirm from Experience, he having, as he believes, perform'd more eminent Cures in that Disease within these last ten Years of his Practice, than any other Physician or Surgeon in Great Britain has done in that Time. These Pills are 3 s. the Box; and his other Medicines, which any particular Case may require, of moderate Prices. To be had at the Golden Ball in the dark Passage, 3 Doors beyond the Sun Tavern in Honey-Lane Market in Cheapside. Where also may be had his Book call'd,

*Quackery Unmask'd*, which is a rational and effectual Answer to the sixth Edition of Mr. Marten's Treatise concerning the Venereal Disease, its Appendix, and the *Charitable Surgeon*. Price bound 1 s. 6 d.

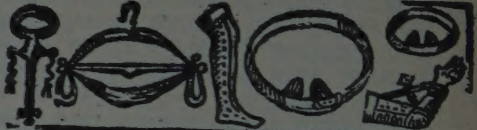
**C**ursus Equestris Nottinghamiensis. Carmen Hexametrum, Autore RICHARDO JOHNSON, Ludæ Literarij ibidem Magistro. Commentariorum Grammaticorum scriptore. Sold by John Morphew near Stationers-Hall. Price 6 d.

Just Publish'd,

**T**HE Monthly Miscellany, or Memoirs for the Curious, for May, 1709, Vol. III. Containing, *Fossile Sheppeianæ Catalogus. African Plants. Plants growing about the Cape of Good-Hope. Of the Origine of the Art of Writing. Continuation of the Discourse of Languages. GOD farther vindicated, from the Aspersions of those of the Upper and Lower Way. Essay on Duelling.* continu'd. Printed for J. Woodward, in St. Christopher's Church-Yard, Thread-needle-Street; and Sold by John Morphew, near Stationers-Hall.

Lately Publish'd,

**S**electarum de Lingua Latina Observationum Libri duo. Prior inscribitur Latini loquendi Normæ; h. e. aurei Latinitatis Seculi Locutio. Posterior Barbare vitiose loquendi Consuetudinem investigat, patefacit, emendat. Uterque in Usum Juventutis, incorruptæ Latini Sermonis Integræ studiose, confectus. Ductu & Cura JOANNIS KER. Londini, apud J. Robison, J. Lawrence, C. Bateman, A. Bell, & J. Hartley, Bibliopolas Londinenses.



**B**ARTLETT's Inventions for the Cure of Ruptures, which have gain'd So Universal Esteem, are now, yet farther Improv'd to so great a Nicety, that one of his Steel Spring Trusses of the largest Size, seldom Exceeds 4 ounces in Weight, and one of the smallest rarely exceeds a quarter of an Ounce, and are so well adapted to the shapes of human Bodies, that they are extraordinary easy even to New-born Infants, and Intirely keep up the Ruptures of what Bigness soever. Also divers Instruments to help the Weak and Crooked. By P. Bartlett at the Golden Ball by the Ship Tavern in Prescot-Street in Goodmans Fields, London.

N. B. His Mother, the Widow of the late Mr. Christopher Bartlett, lives at the Place above-mention'd, and is very skilful in the Business of her own Sex.